

The Mirror

OF

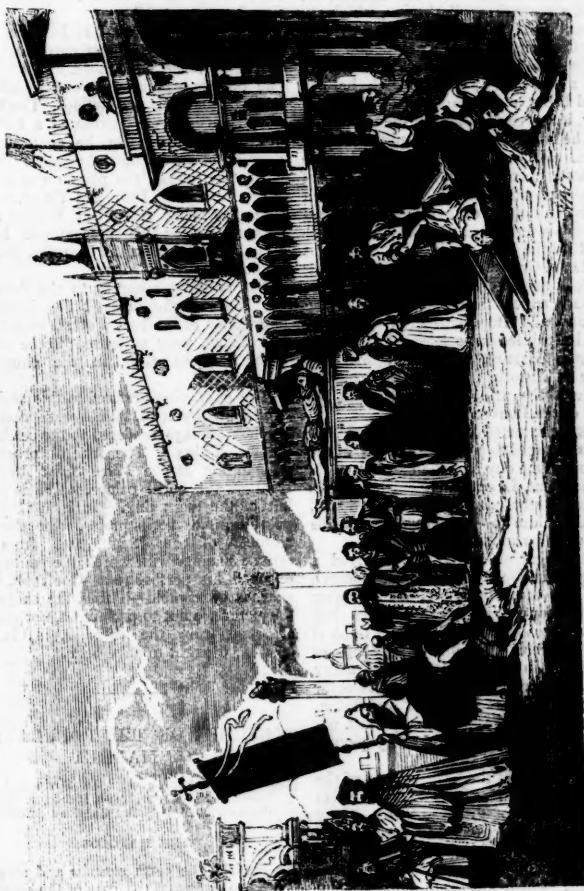
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

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FUNERAL PROCESSION OF TITIAN, BY M. A. BESSE.

Original Communications.

TITIAN.

THIS distinguished painter, the founder of the true principles of colouring, was born at the castle of Cadore, in the year 1477. At an early age he displayed great taste for painting, and was sent, on his reaching his tenth year, to Venice, and placed under the protection of his uncle. At eighteen he painted a portrait of Barbarigo, which excited universal admiration. He was soon afterwards engaged, in conjunction with Giorgione, to paint the *Fondaco de Tedeschi*; and the portion which he had painted being preferred to that of his competitor, it served to establish the popularity which he had gained by his previous production. He became acquainted with the celebrated poet Ariosto, at the court of Alfonso, and painted his portrait, for which the bard, in honour of his talent, introduced him into his far-famed "*Orlando Furioso*."

In 1523, he was employed to ornament the Sala del Gran Consiglio, where, among other celebrated works, he painted the Battle of Cadore, which took place between the Venetians and Imperialists. Soon afterwards, he painted his celebrated picture of St. Pietro Martire, considered his *chef d'œuvre* in historic painting, and which is now one of the principal attractions in the gallery of the Louvre.

At last he attracted the notice of Charles V., and was engaged to paint the portrait of the Emperor. One day as Titian was at work, he, by accident, dropped his pencil. Charles immediately stooped to pick it up, and said, on handing him it—"You deserve to be waited upon by an emperor."

In the year 1550, Titian received a pressing invitation from this great monarch to visit the court of Spain, and, judging from the manner in which Charles had previously treated him, he did not think it proper to refuse. During a residence of three years in Spain, he painted many beautiful pictures, for which his protector appointed him rents in Naples and Milan, of two hundred ducats annually each, besides compensating him for every picture he painted.

The Catalogue of the Escorial, and of the palace at Madrid, gives but a very imperfect idea of the works of Titian in Spain. Many of his finest productions have been withdrawn from public view by the scruples of bigotry; among others, that of the "*Sleeping Venus*," which was made a present by Philip IV. to King Charles I. on his visiting Spain, and which, after the death of that unhappy monarch, was purchased by the Spanish ambassador, then resident in Eng-

land. This splendid picture was one which escaped the conflagration of the palace of the Pardo; and it is said, that when the accident was reported to the king, he inquired if Titian's Venus had escaped the flames; and on being assured that it was safe, he replied—"Then every other loss may be supported."

In 1553, Titian went to Inspruc, where he painted the portraits of Ferdinand, King of the Romans, his Queen, and family, in one picture, which is allowed by all to be amongst his finest productions. The talents of this artist were permitted a career of unusual longevity, for he continued the exercise of his art until the year 1576.

At this period, the plague was making fearful ravages in Italy, and Titian, to avoid contagion, took refuge at Cadore; but, notwithstanding his precautions, he fell a victim to that dreadful disorder, and died in his ninety-ninth year.

His remains, contrary to the decree of the senate, who ordered the immediate destruction of the bodies of all who died of the plague, were permitted to be buried, with religious rites, in the church of Frazi.

The engraving prefixed to this article is from a picture of M. A. Hesse, representing the last homage rendered to the celebrated painter, Titian. The funeral procession is standing at the *Place Saint Marc*, in front of the ducal palace, which is to the left of the engraving. It is a very fine painting, and merits praise, from the correctness of the design, and from the artistic manner with which the painter has grouped his personages. One fault, however, is observable—Titian, the subject of the picture, is not so prominent, nor enough detached from the *ensemble*, as, in our opinion, it ought to have been.

SKETCHES OF THE POPULATION OF MADRID.

[From a forthcoming work on Spain and Portugal, in 1838—1840, by an Italian traveller of distinction, M. le Baron Charles Dembouski.]

THE MANOLOS.

At Madrid, the term *manolos* and *manolas* is used to designate the class of the common people, men and women. *Manolo* and *manola* are respectively a corruption of *Emanuel* and *Emmanuela*; and as these Christian names are very common, they

are applied to the great mass of the population.

There are few sights more curious and picturesque than a group of *manolos*, enveloped in the drapery of their long mantle, and smoking the *cigaretta* in the clear sunshine. You have ample leisure to observe them attentively before they quit for a moment their attitude of grave immobility or greet you with a passing look. On what subject is their mind employed in such profound and soul-engrossing meditation? In all probability, they are meditating on themselves; for no being on earth has a prouder or more exaggerated opinion of himself than has the Castilian. Throw a mantle over the shoulders of the statue of Silence, place a *cigaretta* in his mouth, and you will have something like an emblem of Spanish gravity. You approach the *manolo*; he glances at you with mistrust; you address a question to him; he scarcely deigns to favour you with a gesture by way of reply; rarely, he condescends so far as to utter a monosyllable. One thing alone will induce him to scrape acquaintance with you; and that is, if by chance his *cigaretta* should happen to go out: were you even a grandee of Spain, decked in all the insignia of your class and order, he would accost you without ceremony, and request you to lend him your lighted cigar, in order that from it he might re-light his own. This is a long-received custom: all classes are levelled and confounded at the ignited end of the *cigaretta*. Beware of disputing with him the right hand of the way, should it happen to fall to him. The Count S. M., the Sardinian Minister, being one day at court, was obliged, through the negligence or mistake of his coachman, to return to his residence on foot. On his road he met a *manolo*: for a few seconds, they both of them stood still and exchanged looks with each other. At last, the Count motioned the man of low birth to give way and yield him the *pas*. No ways dazzled by the gay trappings of the minister, the *manolo* replied—"The right-hand side of the way belongs to me; and, even were it not so, I am every whit as noble as yourself." It is scarcely necessary to add, that the Count was forced to yield the point in dispute. The *manolos*, proud and haughty as may be their demeanour towards the superior classes, yet pique themselves on the observance of the most polished courtesies amongst themselves; they never fail to salute each other with a *buenos dias, caballero*; *buenos noches, caballero*; *vaya usted con Dios, caballero*!

Until the war of independence, the *manolo* still adhered to his three-cornered hat, and wore his hair confined in a long *resilla*, or net-work bag, that dangled down his back. At the present day, his costume consists of

an Andalusian hat, a kind of turban garnished with velvet, a round waistcoat which he never buttons, a red or yellow scarf, and lastly, very thin pumps, or cloth slippers. G. M.

A FAMILIAR DESCRIPTION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM AND ITS CONTENTS.

BY JAMES H. FENNELL,

Author of "A Natural History of Quadrupeds," &c.

(Continued from p. 390, vol. xxxviii.)

HAVING already described in the MIRROR the several objects deposited in the courtyard, in the hall, and on the staircase landings, I shall now request my readers to accompany me into

THE FIRST ROOM.

This is one of the smallest apartments in the Museum; yet there is much to admire in its decorations. It has a painted ceiling, the picture upon it representing the Fall of Phaeton.* It is the work of Charles de la Fosse, whose paintings on the ceiling of the great staircase attracted our notice as we ascended it.

Against the walls are placed several glass cases, containing fishing implements, weapons of the war and chase, domestic utensils, dresses, ornaments, &c.; all obtained from uncivilized nations. The labels of some of the articles are crumpled up like curl-papers, so that it is impossible to read them. This neglect to keep the labels in proper order is really too bad. All the labels, without exception, should consist of card, or something else that will not be liable to curl up. I have strained my eyes in vain to read some of these labels, they are written so small and placed so far back in the cases; some of the articles have none at all, and hence it is difficult, and sometimes impossible, to find out the things specified in the Catalogue. This, however, is pleasant; for what can be more agreeable to the mind seeking for knowledge, than being left to find it out. The inquiring lad at the penny peep-show, which exhibited the opposed armies on the field of Waterloo, begged to know which was Wellington and which was Napoleon, and the reply was such an one as Mr. Edward Hawkins would have given, "Whichever you please."

The whole of the articles in Case I. were brought to England in 1822, by Captain Sir Edward Parry, on his return from his arctic voyage. They comprise Esquimaux dresses, made of warm skins from Winter

* The Catalogue of the Museum says, "the ceiling represents the fall of Phaeton." As Sir Henry Ellis is the responsible editor of the Catalogue, I call his attention to this and other queer sentences in it, in the hope of seeing them amended in the next edition.

Island; an instrument for sucking up water from a pond, and only, I suppose, when the pond is frozen over; a net made of whalebone, and used by the Esquimaux to lay under their beds on the snow, and supposed to be also used in fishing; a wooden bowl; a cup and spoon made entirely of the horns of the musk-ox, the material appearing to have been brought into the requisite shape by the application of artificial heat; a bone ornament from Savage Island; some Esquimaux weapons; a small basket; a bow-string; a culinary vessel and lamp, cut out of stone; and a pair of eye-shades formed of bone, and called *snow-eyes* by the Esquimaux. These instruments are worn by the Esquimaux to protect their eyes from the too intense light which is reflected from the snow. They consist of two small pieces of bone or wood, with a narrow slit in the middle, and are fixed near the eyes by strips of skin passing round the head, so that no light can fall upon the eyes except through the aperture just mentioned. The sledge over this case was also brought to England by our adventurous voyager.

CASE II.—Here are some Esquimaux dresses, of the most fashionable Arctic cut, from Point Hope; men's boots, made of rein-deer skin, from Kotzebue Sound; a pair of woman's boots, from Cape Thomson; a steersman's cap, from West Georgia; an Esquimaux landing-net, made of whalebone, from Kotzebue Sound; a band, worn as a *maro*, from Egmont Island; an instrument for throwing darts or spears, and brought from Point Barrow; and an elaborately carved paddle, from Otaheite. All the articles in this case were collected during Captain Beechey's voyage of discovery, A.D. 1825—1828.

CASE III.—This contains various specimens of cloth, from the Sandwich Islands: they are formed of the paper mulberry, (*morus papifera*), and some of them have stamped patterns; a harpoon-line, formed of the skin of the walrus, (*trichacus rosmarus*), and a sail, formed of the intestines of the same species of mammal, brought from Kotzebue Sound; two of its large teeth, from Behring's Straits; a stone club, used for bruising nuts, and three fine mats, from Egmont Island; a cap, ornamented with tufts of feather and hair; many bows and arrows, from California; some of the arrows are tipped with obsidian and bone; and a small harpoon, with a movable tip, for spearing fish, from Point Barrow. All these articles were also collected during Captain Beechey's voyage, A.D. 1825—1828. Over this case and Case II. are several spears, arrows, and harpoons, from the Pacific Ocean.

CASE IV.—Here we find a seal-skin dress; a dog's harness for a sledge, and the handle of an instrument for throwing bird-darts,

brought from the coast of Labrador; a pair of boots, ornamented with differently-coloured pieces of leather, and having separate compartments for the toes, like the fingertips of gloves, and probably contrived for the purpose of holding anything between the toes. Even for English boots and shoes anatomists would approve of a pattern consulting, as this does, the shape of the foot, and permitting of that natural action of the toes at each step which gives additional firmness and security to the walk. Here are also a leathern whip and some arrows from the interior of Peru; and some vessels, &c., of which the Catalogue says nought.

CASE V.—The articles in this case are from Maranon, Chili, &c. We perceive a straw hat, shaped like a barber's basin; a *poucho*, or cloak, leggings, shoes, stirrups, and a formidable pair of spurs, all of them from Chili, and forming the usual costume of a Gaucho, or Spanish-American cavalier. There is a hammock from Africa, and here a pair of sandals from Ashantee. We shudder while we gaze on that quiver, formed of palm-leaves, and which contains small poisoned arrows: on the banks of the great river Maranon, the South American aborigines, generally but absurdly called South American *Indians*, are known to use these arrows, whose points have been dipped in the wourari poison, which, according to the accounts of all the best authorities, proves almost instantly fatal to those who happen to receive it into their system, causing death without a pang or struggle. The late intelligent Dr. Hancock, who lived for some years in Guiana and other parts of South America, informs us that the wourari poison is obtained from a cucurbitaceous or gourd-like plant, called *mavacuri*, bearing a fruit of the size and shape of a large orange, and having a hard pericarp, or shell, used sometimes to hold the poison when prepared. Different statements have been made respecting its composition, but it is most probable that the only essential ingredient is the juice of the inner bark of the *mavacuri* root, extracted by bruising or pressing it, pouring water over the pulp, and then filtering; in this diluted state it must be slowly boiled in an earthen pot, to bring it down to a proper consistence. Small arrows infected with this poison are much employed by the aborigines to kill monkeys, birds, and other eatable animals. You have seen boys blow peas through a tin tube, called a pea-shooter, and if you have ever had one of those vegetable missiles strike your face when so ejected, you know it comes pretty hard: our skilful friends, the aborigines, can blow a poisoned arrow much more effectively and with immense force through a sort of hollow reed or cane, or the stalk of a small species of palm. Not many months ago, I saw three South American aborigines, who

were brought to London by the famous traveller Schomburgk, exhibit a variety of their customs, feats, and sports; and certainly few things were more extraordinary than the readiness and precision with which they could hit any mark at even a great distance by blowing an arrow through a tube, one arrow following the other much faster than any soldier could load, fire, and re-load, a musket. Thus one of these people could send a *quietus* to a snug party of Europeans before they could help themselves or return the compliment. Sugar and salt—not “brandy and salt”—are said to be the best antidotes to this poisonous juice. It is said that the aborigines on the Rio Negro shoot birds and monkeys with their poisoned arrows, and having restored their stupified little victims by means of the above, or some other antidote, they take them to Para, and sell them to the Portuguese.

The present case contains also a bag of netted twine, with bombax, and some more poisoned arrows from our adroit brethren on the banks of the Marañon; various wampun belts, and a pair of eye-shades, made of wood.

CASE VI.—All the articles in this case are from Africa, and many of them will prove highly interesting to visitors who may be concerned in the manufacture of cloth and similar materials. Here is a piece of cloth, sixteen feet long, and seven and a quarter broad, decorated with borders and various star-shaped patterns, which have been produced by discharging, from the parts they occupy, the deep colour of the indigo which previously covered the cloth, or possibly by protecting those parts from the indigo when the cloth was dyed. The whole material is woven in narrow strips, each three inches wide. On another piece of cloth, formed of similar strips, we observe that a check-pattern has been produced in the weaving. We see, also, a third piece of cloth, which is very narrow, being of the original width before it is made up for use. These three specimens were presented to our national Museum by the celebrated travellers, Denham and Clapperton.

The loom of the poor uncivilized negro is probably adapted for weaving only ribbon-like pieces of cloth; for here we find a Foulah cloak formed of very narrow strips of it. Presently we shall see the loom itself. The following articles were presented by the famous Bowditch, from Ashantee, and are described in his *Travels*, p. 307, &c. They comprise several pieces of cloth formed of narrow strips on a white ground; a white cloth with black patterns printed on it; two others made of different coloured strips; one with a single stripe formed of three different colours; a child's sun-shade, or parasol, covered with variously-

coloured and printed cottons, and strips of woollen cloth, and having a carved wooden top representing a bird pruning its feathers; a leathern pouch surrounded by strips of leather, and worked with leather and cloth in different patterns; a pair of worked sandals; a piece of very fine matting; an iron padlock and keys; four differently-shaped earthenware bowls of tobacco-pipes; a small earthenware pan with a deeply-notched edge; a string of spangle-like beads formed from shells; a musical instrument; a short dagger and a wooden handle and sheath, ornamented with brass; a tuft of human hair, worn as a fly-flapper by the natives of the Island of Zanna, one of the Hebrides; two arrows with steel heads; a large leathern cushion; a carved stool of singular shape, and made of Zesso wood; and a shuttle and reel of thread belonging to the cloth-weaver's loom, and on the top of the case is one of the looms for weaving the narrow cloth. This case contains, also, a cap and a musical instrument from the neighbourhood of Sierra Leone, presented by Mr. J. Whitfield, and another cap, made of fine mat, from the Cape of Good Hope, and presented by Captain Duncan, in 1780.

CASE VII.—This contains articles from South America—namely, a couple of baskets made of a species of rush (*juncus*); a couple of water-baskets made of the bark of a birch-tree; the rope of a canoe; a shell necklace; a bladder, enclosing a pigment used by the natives; a quiver, some arrows, and a bow; and an axe, the iron of which was most likely obtained from an English ship, or from one belonging to the American settlers.

(To be continued.)

Le Feuilletton of French Literature.

LE LION AMOUREUX; OR, THE PHYSIOLOGY OF A GENERAL LOVER.

(From the French of Frederic Soulié.)

BY L'ETUDIANT,

AUTHOR OF “SKETCHES IN FRANCE,” ETC.

THE name of “lion,” applied to numerous individuals in France, has now become so common that it would be useless for us to enter into a long explanation to convince our readers that we do not mean the terrible king of the forest, or the obedient slave of Van Amburgh. This *race* at one time bore several epithets, those of “*muguet*,” “*homme de bonne fortune*,” “*dandy*,” “*fashionable*,” but at the present period the most familiar one is that of “*lion*.”

May we ask—why called *lions*? Is it because they are the kings of that portion of society termed the *beau monde*? Is it because, like the lion in the fable, they

claim the four quarters of the prey which others have seized? I cannot tell; but I will endeavour to sketch the physiology of one, and then I will leave you to guess for yourselves.

The *lion* is in general a sprightly fellow who has passed from the state of infancy to that of manhood. The desire to be thought young has for some years been abandoned by men between forty and fifty, for among us youth is as much despised as old age; in fact, the *lion* has never been a young man, for there is nothing he despises more than the actions which characterize the love-sick youth of eighteen. He is a lover of the fair sex, of wine, and gaming; but remember, that *liking* for woman is not to be called *love*, for this passion admits of no other, while the *lion* adds to the three mentioned—that is to say, when it is in his power—a strong passion for horses. They, unlike the lover, who is happy in the esteem of her he loves, must attract the attention of all, and have their mistresses for the same end as they have their carriages—to make a display in the eyes of the world. The windows of the Café de Paris are always crowded with them, because this establishment is situated in the most public part of the capital. They have no great pretensions to be drunkards, still they have always the appearance of having emptied a number of bottles, which makes a material difference to *le maitre*.

The *lions* are, for the most part, ignorant of love, although they claim the privilege of speaking in the most familiar terms with all the pretty girls they meet,—from the ballet-dancer of the opera to the *grisette*, who toils by day to render herself attractive by night. They have a foot in the higher circles of society, and a hand in the lower; are desperate enemies of the worthy mechanic who, loving, cannot declare his passion, but sits in inward bliss, gazing on the object of his affection. The *lion*, on the contrary, without feeling the pains and pleasures of the soft, yet bitter passion, is not backward in declaring his love, and practises to his own account the language of the eyes, which, *he* says, speaks the true feelings of the heart.

But it is too much to bother us in this way with discussions. Tell us your story, inventor of news—out with it!—let the drama begin, and let the scenes pass before our eyes. You are fit for nothing else. If you do not amuse us, we will rail against you to-day; if you please us, the critics will be at you to-morrow. Alas! since it must be so, let us begin, in the name of all that is good; but I assure you I have lost both my courage and my confidence. So much watching, so much fatigue, and so many hours of study; so much of our heart, and so much of our health, in order to reach a

mean corner in the temple of fame; and all this in misery, bearing the buffets of some, and the slanderous tongues of others. No one ever tells us to stop—that our labour has been great. No, no; the poor minstrel has not sung his last lay; he must string his instrument, and begin again.

A few days ago, about the hour of twelve, a *lion* of fashionable mien descended from his carriage, and entered the Café de Paris. His appearance, for two great reasons, excited much astonishment: the first, because he was superbly dressed; the second, because he asked for his breakfast like a man who was in a hurry, and who had some business of importance to transact. One of his companions looked searchingly at him—he did not, however, make use of his eye-glass—and said,

“Where the deuce are you going, Stern?”

“To a wedding,” the young man replied. “What fool’s dressed to get married?” the interrogator demanded.

At this question a half dozen of heads were lifted up, looks were exchanged, eyes were raised to the ceiling, and each person asked himself the question—What fool is going to get married?

Stern, on seeing this pantomime, speedily replied, with an indifferent air,

“Nobody, gentlemen—nobody; it is a private affair.”

“And when shall you be disengaged?”

“I cannot tell you,” Stern replied; “but I will make my escape as soon as the church ceremony is over, after which I shall no longer be required.”

“Must you then go?”

“Yes; I am *temoin du futur*.”

“*Temoin du futur!*” was repeated on all sides.

“Yes,” Stern replied, seeing the astonishment that was depicted on all countenances; “yes, I am to be the *temoin* of a godson of my father. The old fellow has sent me a letter, stating that I must do him this pleasure, as the good young man who is about to be married will be pleased, and consider it a very great honour. I have told you all, now,” Stern added, in rising, “finish your breakfasts in peace. I shall be with you in the evening.”

As he was going out, one of his comrades cried—

“Where is your marriage to be held?”

“My faith!” Stern replied, “you know as much as I do. I was to be at the bride’s, Rue St. Martin, at twelve o’clock; it is now a quarter past. *Adieu*.”

He left, and although this affair was of little or no importance, it was the subject of a somewhat long conversation.

“The old Marquis of Stern,” said the son of a wealthy footman, who had a great respect for hereditary titles, “the old Mar-

quis of Sterný still retains the habits of the ancient nobility, and the office that our friend has to perform is rather of a pleasing nature; but, in spite of his great name, he will not be able to appreciate it, and, instead of being good and affable to those poor people, and rendering them happy and comfortable, he will appear before them with a haughty and derisive air; nevertheless—

"Nevertheless," said an *ex-beau* of eighty years,—whose right to the title of lion had been often contested, who was elegantly dressed, very tall, and exceedingly ugly—a kind of wealthy *pedicure*, who called every woman he met his *petite*;—"nevertheless, it may be very amusing; pretty women are to be found in the lower as well as in the higher ranks of life."

"Pretty!" cried a veritable lion, who was a strong supporter of the fine arts; "yes, but they are tradespeople."

"Ah! gentlemen," replied the son of the valet, "the ancient nobility used to hold the working classes in great esteem."

"Parbleu!" replied the lion *artiste*, "the working classes in former times! Ah, that is easily conceived; young girls, who knew nothing; women, who knew little more, engrossed in the pious duties of the family, for whom the pleasures of the world, the arts, and literature, were far beyond their reach; who looked upon a young man of the court as a serpent of the book of Genesis: to penetrate into this life, to throw into disorder, to play with the ignorant, to astonish them, as we do children, when we relate to them tales of fairies, might have been very amusing,—and I can easily account for the passion of the Maréchal de Richelieu for Madame Micherlin. But how different the working people of to-day! the most part of them gifted with a sort of education which they make use of with incredible impertinence, determined not to be astonished at anything; virtuosi and prodigies, who play the sonatas of Steibelt, and who decide between Rossini and Meyerbeer, in favour of the *Postillon de Lonjumeau*; blue stockings, who read Madame Sand as a study, but who devour Paul de Kock with delight; artists, who get their portraits taken by M. Dubuffe; women, in fact, who give their opinions upon the regulation of taxes, and of the immortality of the soul. It is truly heart-sickening, and I can easily comprehend the *ennui* of Sterný; the women will be looking at him as they would at a wild beast, and God knows whether they will not measure him with the yardstick of some short-legged counter-skipper, who has composed twelve verses in honour of the marriage—who will carve at table—who will sing during the dessert—who will dance all the night—and who will be pro-

claimed the most amiable man of the company."

Thereupon the lion lighted his cigar, sat down upon a chair, drew another near him, placed it betwixt his legs, and began to look down on the people who were passing. The other lions betook themselves to occupations of a similar nature, and the conversation ceased about Léonce Sterný.

Young Sterný arrived at la Rue St. Martin. He had no appointment that day, no hunting excursion, no woods to explore, and therefore thought nothing about what pleasure he might have had, but entered the house of M. Laloiné, featherman, thinking only of performing the commission of his father. They were waiting for him when he arrived. He was introduced to the bridegroom and bride, who had not the courage to look at a marquis, then to the parents, and he saw that the young people were all embarrassed when he spoke to or saluted them. He looked round the room, endeavouring to find some one with whom he could enter into conversation, but seeing none to his desire, he retired to a corner of the room. Whilst they were busy preparing for their departure, a young girl entered, crying—

"I told you I would have my gown changed, before your great Marquis arrived."

"Lise!" M. Laloiné said, reproachfully, whilst the rest of the company remained stupefied. The glance that M. Laloiné directed towards Sterný shewed his young daughter the indiscretion of her conduct, and she coloured up to the eyes; such a blush our lion had never before witnessed.

"Pardon, father!" she said; "I was not aware that he was come."

M. Laloiné then approached Sterný, and said, in a parental tone—

"You must excuse her, Sir; she is only a child of sixteen, who does not yet know how to behave herself."

Sterný gazed upon that child, for she was beautiful as an angel, and muttered in astonishment—

"Is she, also, your daughter?"

"Yes, Monsieur le Marquis."

"Ah, well," Sterný said, "have the kindness to introduce me to her, and make my excuse for being so late."

"Ah, it is not worth the trouble," M. Laloiné replied; "you must not heed that young slut."

But Sterný was not of that opinion;—he had never seen any one so lovely.

At last they set out for the mayor's; Sterný went into the coach with the bride, her mother, and a male relative. Fortunately, the distance was not great, for these four found themselves very much embarrassed.

The relative, to begin the conversation, said,

"What do you think, Sir, of the sugar question?"

Sternay had never given it a thought, he replied coldly,

"Sir, I am in favour of the planters."

"I understand," his interrogator said bitterly—"the progress of national industry frightens you; but the French government will ruin everything."

So this worthy continued speaking till they reached the mayor's, without giving any other person an opportunity of putting in a word. Sternay thought no longer of the beautiful Lise, and was beginning to find his task a disagreeable one. As he was alighting from his carriage, he perceived the young girl springing from the coach which she had come in, her face glowing with delight. An incident here took place which, perhaps, gave rise to this little history: Lise took the arm of a tall, raw-boned young man, who had the honour of being bridesman, and on being called from behind to go and arrange a flower in a young girl's head-dress, which had come in contact with the top of the carriage, she left the *gros garçon*, who, waiting her return, remained motionless, holding his arm like a hoop, ready to receive the beautiful *bras* of the young Lise: no sooner had she performed her office, than some one at the head of the *cortège* called upon *le garçon d'honneur*. Sternay was then left by the side of Lise, who, on giving a finishing touch to the *coiffure* of her friend, took hold of the first arm she met, which was that of the Marquis, saying—

"Come, let us make haste."

(To be continued.)

BENJAMIN WEST, P.R.A.

THE annexed Engraving is from the well-known painting of CHRIST HEALING THE SICK IN THE TEMPLE, by West. It was presented by the Governors of the British Institution, to the National Gallery, where it is daily admired by hundreds. This picture was originally intended for America: the Quakers of Philadelphia requested West, who was a member of their community, to aid them in erecting a hospital for the sick in his native town: he told them that his circumstances scarcely admitted of his being generous, but he would aid them after his own way, and paint them a picture, if they would provide a place to receive it in their new building. Before sending it, however, to its intended destination, it was exhibited in London; the crush to see it was very great—the praise it obtained was high—and the British In-

stitution offered him three thousand guineas for the work. West accepted the offer, for he was far from being rich, but on condition that he should be allowed to make a copy, with alterations, for his native place. He did so; and when the copy went to America, the profits arising from its exhibition enabled the committee of the hospital to enlarge the building and receive more patients.

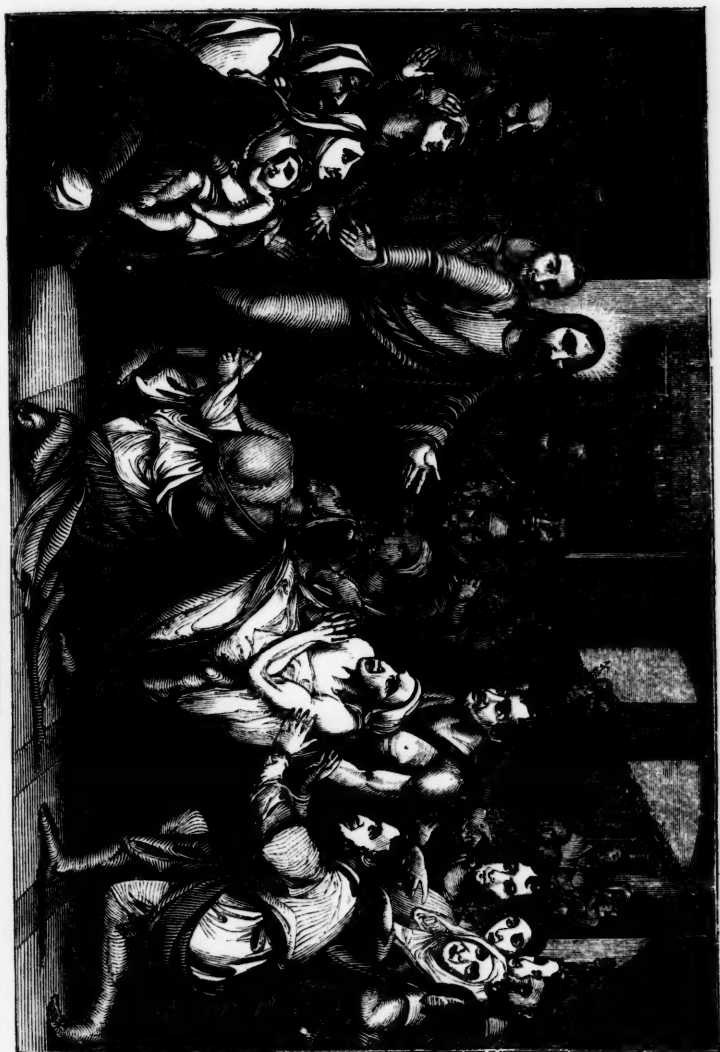
Of this artist, one of his biographers says:—

"In all his works the human form was exhibited in conformity to academic precepts—his figures were arranged with skill, the colouring was varied and harmonious—the eye rested pleased on the performance, and the artist seemed, to the ordinary spectator, to have done his task like one of the highest of the sons of genius. They were supposed by himself, and for a time by others, to be in the true spirit of the great masters, but beneath all their splendour and harmony of colouring, there was little of the true vitality; there was a monotony, too, of human character, the groupings were unlike the happy and careless combinations of nature, and the figures seemed distributed over the canvas by line and measure, like trees in a plantation. He wanted fire and imagination to be the true restorer of that grand style which bewildered Barry and was talked of by Reynolds. Most of his works—cold, formal, bloodless, and passionless—may remind the spectator of the sublime vision of the valley of dry bones, when the flesh and skin had come upon the skeletons, and before the breath of God had endowed them with life and feeling."

Nevertheless, West effected a great change in the character of British art: hitherto historical painting had appeared in a masquing habit; the actions of Englishmen seemed all to have been performed, if costume were to be believed, by Greeks or by Romans. Our artist at once dismissed this pedantry, and restored nature and propriety in his noble work of "The Death of Wolfe," which is now considered one of the best historical paintings of the British school. Sir Joshua Reynolds, who had been a strenuous advocate for employing the costume of antiquity in great subjects, said truly of this picture, after examining it with deep and minute attention, that it would not only become one of the most popular, but it would also occasion a great revolution in art.

Benjamin West, was born in Pennsylvania, in 1738. After studying the great masters in Italy for more than two years, he arrived in London in 1763, where he remained till his death, which took place on the 11th of March, 1820.

CHRIST HEALING THE SICK IN THE TEMPLE.



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New Books.

Italy; Classical, Historical, and Picturesque.
Illustrated and described by William
Brockedon, Esq., F.R.S. London: Dun-
can and Malcolm, Paternoster-row.
Glasgow and Edinburgh: Blackie & Co.

"For ever and for ever shalt thou be
Unto the lover and the poet dear,
Thou land of sunlit skies and fountain clear,
Of temples, and gray columns, and waving woods,
And mountains, from whose rifts the bursting
floods

Rush in bright tumult to the Adrian sea;
Oh, thou romantic land of Italy!
Mother of painting and sweet sounds!"

BARRY CORNWALL.

THIS long expected work, by Mr. Brockedon, has at length appeared: we have now a specimen before us, and it will be found to exceed everything that has gone before it in the shape of pictorial scenes of that classical and sunlit land. We have seen many attempts to depict with a painter's hand the various scenes of this romantic and love-stirring country, and most of them have been done from hurried sketches made by amateurs, who make a point of travelling *en route à la courier*; but in these plates before us we trace a correctness in drawing for which Mr. Brockedon has been so long celebrated; and when we see such names as the following first-rate artists going hand in hand, as Stanfield, Roberts, Hardinge, Prout, Eastlake, and Uwins, who will make the principal drawings for the work,—and amongst the engravers we find Wilmore, J. Cousen, Allen, Brandard, Wallis, and others,—we are quite sure that if this work continue in the same style both in drawing and engraving as it has begun, it will be one of the most splendid specimens of the arts that has appeared in the nineteenth century. The first plate on the left is St. Peter's, at Rome, taken from the Janiculum Hill, from a drawing by David Roberts; it is a new point of view to what we have been accustomed to see. The foreground is embellished by a terrace, on which we have a truly classical group of vases and cyprus trees, interspersed with the vine growing in all its luxuriant foliage; immediately below we look down into the magnificent square of St. Peter's, with the splendid dome rising in awful grandeur in the distance. This plate is most beautifully engraved by Higham—every touch tells; and there is no harshness; but a silvery light prevails throughout the whole plate. This on the whole is one of the most classical views we have seen for many a day. The second plate is a view of Vintimiglia, which for beauty and clearness of engraving has not been equalled; it is engraved by Wilmore, from a drawing by Barnard. We have a bold and broken foreground of rocks and vines, with some dark and um-

brageous trees; and on the right is the ancient monastery, overhanging the rushing river. The effect of this plate is extremely bold and extremely beautiful, both in the drawing and engraving. No country assuredly is more fertile in subjects, whether for pen or pencil; the grandest records of the past are connected with her history. The noblest efforts of literature and the most masterly productions of art blend with her annals, and linger in pleasing reminiscence amidst her unchanged landscapes and eloquent ruins. Nor is it in her classic history and character alone that Italy excites our imagination or commands our sympathies; her more recent history teems with high association: Genoa, Venice, Florence, Milan, Rome, are names which at once recal all the splendour of the middle ages in arts, commerce, and literature; the Medici, the Faleri, Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and others, crowd upon the memory, and invest the land of Italy with a romance which is, perhaps, even more captivating to the fancy than her classic glories. From such sources the editor has been enabled to select many fine scenes, not hitherto engraved, though associated with some of the most interesting and important historical events, and to present from new and striking points those which have already engaged the pencil and the burin. It will be published in imperial quarto, monthly; each part containing three plates, with letter-press description.

Old Saint Paul's; a tale of the Plague and the Fire. By William Harrison Ainsworth. (Cunningham.)

THE present tale is one of most exciting interest, and likely to become a favourite with the public. The graphic description of varied character here given is to be met with in no other production of the day. Mr. Ainsworth has selected a theme rich in remarkable incidents, and which his fruitful fancy has wrought into a picture highly and faithfully illustrative of moral society in the time of the second Charles. The libertine and licentious character of the court at that period is exposed in a manner well calculated to convince the present generation how much princely manners and princely morals will be aped by the attendants of a court, and spread themselves throughout the less elevated ranks of society. We have always thought that the works of Mr. Ainsworth, from being addressed so pointedly and directly to the feelings, and not so exclusively to the simple fantasia and imaginative of the mind as some other popular writers of the present time, that they were therefore so much better calculated to convey lasting impressions to the reader, and carry with them a power of moral sentiment in depict-

ing vice, and deploring its dreadful consequences, which can never attend anything which is a mere display of ideality. Public men, in whatever capacity they may appear, can only gain power over the minds of society from acting on the feelings as well as on the intellectual and poetical fancies of individuals. The great secret, we believe, of political and literary success, not of course including scientific investigations, consists in having the talent and powers to enlist the feelings and sympathies of society. How frequently does it happen that men of the most cultivated minds can make no impression and create no sensation by their public addresses; and that authors of elevated and refined taste often remain unknown to any but a small portion of the reading community. Mr. Ainsworth has been gifted with the happy endowment of addressing his ideas through the feelings, affections, and sympathies of individuals, and thus not only does he instruct the intellect and delight the fancy, but also cultivate and gratify the feelings.

In the present work the author has given powerful evidence of this particular kind of talent. Few subjects would afford a more diversified field for the ingenuity of a writer, and Mr. Ainsworth here shines conspicuously, in all the distinguishing ornaments which have hitherto adorned his productions. From the glowing and animated description of the grocer of Wood-street, and his family, to the pictures of the monarch and his associates, there is a highly interesting portraiture of character, and in many places where other authors would have made nothing of the subject, or perhaps left it altogether untouched, such as in the scenes connected with the pesthouse, and the other miseries of the plague, he has, by introducing them, developed some of the most touching appeals to the feelings to be anywhere met with. A less skilful master, conscious of his pusillanimous efforts, might have been unable to introduce such topics without harassing the feelings, and would have left them untouched; but Mr. Ainsworth has given to them an importance and tragic truth which render them essential to the character of the tale.

The account of the grocer's family of Wood-street is interestingly drawn. His daughter and apprentice are the heroine and hero of the tale. The Earl of Rochester makes love to Amabel, the grocer's daughter, under the disguised name of Maurice Wyvil, and who having made an appointment to meet Amabel, the apprentice Leonard Holt gets to the knowledge of it, and an interesting colloquy is the result, between him and Blaize, a servant of the grocer. Want of space prevents our extracting this interesting passage.

The following paragraph lays the foundation to the fabric of the whole story, and as it is an interestingly drawn picture of a class of men now almost unknown, we do not hesitate to give it at length, and will, in our next number, complete our notice by entering into what we conceive to be the higher merits of the tale. Wyvil and Lydyard are in search of an astrologer who lived in Friday-street, and are thus introduced to him:—

"Drawing aside the drapery, their conductress ushered them into the presence of three individuals, who were seated at a table strewn with papers, most of which were covered with diagrams and astrological calculations.

"One of these persons immediately arose on their appearance, and gravely but courteously saluted them. He was a tall man, somewhat advanced in life, being then about sixty three, with an aquiline nose, dark eyes, not yet robbed of their lustre, gray hair waving over his shoulders, and a pointed beard and moustache. The general expression of his countenance was shrewd and penetrating, and yet there were certain indications of credulity about it, shewing that he was as likely to be imposed upon himself as to delude others. It is scarcely necessary to say that this was Lilly.

"The person on his right, whose name was John Booker, and who, like himself, was a proficient in astrology, was so buried in calculation that he did not raise his eyes from the paper on the approach of the strangers. He was a stout man, with homely but thoughtful features, and though not more than a year older than Lilly, looked considerably his senior. With the exception of a few silver curls hanging down the back of his neck, he was completely bald; but his massive and towering brow seemed to indicate the possession of no ordinary intellectual qualities. He was a native of Manchester, and was born in 1601, of a good family. 'His excellent verses upon the twelve months,' says Lilly, in his autobiography, 'framed according to the configurations of each month, being blessed with success according to his predictions, procured him much reputation all over England. He was a very honest man,' continues the same authority, 'abhorred any deceit in the art he studied; had a curious fancy in judging of thefts; and was successful in resolving love-questions. He was no mean proficient in astronomy; understood much in physic; was a great admirer of the antimonial cup; and not unlearned in chemistry, which he loved well, but did not practise.' At the period of this history he was clerk to Sir Hugh Hammersley, alderman.

"The third person,—a minor canon of Saint Paul's, named Thomas Quatremain,—

was a grave, sallow-complexioned man, with a morose and repulsive physiognomy. He was habited in the cassock of a churchman of the period, and his black velvet cap lay beside him on the table. Like Booker, he was buried in calculations, and though he looked up for a moment as the others entered the room, he instantly resumed his task without regard to their presence.

"After looking earnestly at his visitors for a few moments, and appearing to study their features, Lilly motioned them to be seated. But they declined the offer.

"I am not come to take up your time, Mr. Lilly," said Wyvil, "but simply to ask your judgment in a matter in which I am much interested."

"First, permit me to return you your purse, Sir, since it is from you, I presume, that I received it," replied the astrologer. "No information that I can give deserves so large a reward as this."

"Wyvil would have remonstrated. But seeing the other resolute, he was fain to concede the point.

"What question do you desire to have resolved, Sir?" pursued Lilly.

"Shall I be fortunate in my hopes?" rejoined Wyvil.

"You must be a little more precise," returned the astrologer. "To what do your hopes relate?—to wealth, dignity, or love?"

"To the latter," replied Wyvil.

"So I inferred from your appearance, Sir," rejoined Lilly, smiling. "Venus was strong in your nativity, though well dignified; and I should therefore say you were not unfrequently entangled in love affairs. Your inamorata, I presume, is young, perhaps fair,—blue-eyed, brown-haired, tall, slender, and yet perfectly proportioned."

"She is all you describe," replied Wyvil.

"Is she of your own rank?" asked Lilly.

"Scarcely so," replied Wyvil, hesitating before he answered the question.

"I will instantly erect a scheme," replied the astrologer, rapidly tracing a figure on a sheet of paper. "The question refers to the seventh House. I shall take Venus as the natural significatrix of the lady. The moon is in trine with the lord of the ascendant,—so far, good: but there is a cross aspect from Mars, who darts forth malicious rays upon them. Your suit will probably be thwarted. But what Mars bindeth, Venus dissolveth. It is not wholly hopeless. I should recommend you to persevere."

"Juggler!" exclaimed Wyvil, between his teeth.

"I am no juggler!" replied Lilly, angrily; "and to prove I am not, I will tell you

who you are who thus insult me, though you have not announced yourself, and are desirous of preserving your *incognito*. You are the Earl of Rochester, and your companion is Sir George Etherege."

"Fore Heaven! we are discovered," cried the Earl; "but whether by art magic, or from previous acquaintanceship with our features, I pretend not to determine."

"In either case, my lord,—for it is useless, since you have avowed yourself, to address you longer as Wyvil," replied Etherege,—"you owe Mr. Lilly an apology for the insult you have offered him. It was as undeserved as uncalled for; for he described your position with Amabel exactly."

"I am sorry for what I said," replied the Earl, with great frankness, "and entreat Mr. Lilly to overlook it, and impute it to its real cause—disappointment at his judgment."

"I wish I could give you better hopes, my lord," replied Lilly; "but I readily accept your apology. Have you any further questions to ask me?"

"Not to-night," replied the Earl; "except that I would gladly learn whether it is your opinion that the plague will extend its ravages?"

"It will extend them so far, my lord, that there shall neither be buriers for the dead, nor sound to look after the sick," replied Lilly. "You may have seen a little tract of mine, published in 1651,—some fourteen years ago, called '*Monarchy or No Monarchy in England*,' in which, by an hieroglyphic, I foretold this terrible calamity."

"I heard his Majesty speak of the book no later than yesterday," replied Rochester. "He has the highest opinion of your skill, Mr. Lilly, as he cannot blind himself to the fact that you foretold his father's death. But this is not the only visitation with which you threaten our devoted city."

"It is threatened by Heaven, not by me, my lord," replied Lilly. "London will be devoured by plague, and consumed by fire."

"In our time?" asked Etherege.

"Before two years have passed over our heads," returned the astrologer. "The pestilence originated in the conjunction of Saturn and Jupiter in Sagittarius, on the 10th of last October, and the conjunction of Saturn and Mars, in the same sign, on the twelfth of November. It was harbingered also by the terrible comet of January, which appeared in a cadent and obscure house, denoting sickness and death; and another and yet more terrible comet, which will be found in the fiery triplicity of Aries, Leo, and Sagittarius, will be seen before the conflagration."

"My calculations are that the plague will be at its worst in August and September,

and will not cease entirely till the beginning of December,' observed Booker, laying aside his pen.

"And I doubt not you are right, Sir," said Lilly; 'for your calculations are ever most exact.'

"My labour is not thrown away, Mr. Lilly," cried Quatremain, who had finished his task at the same time. 'I have discovered what I have long suspected, that treasure is hidden in Saint Paul's cathedral. Mercury is posited in the north angle of the fourth house; the Dragon's tail is likewise within it; and as Sol is the significator, it must be gold.'

"True," replied Lilly.

"Furthermore," proceeded Quatremain, 'as the sign is earthy, the treasure must be buried in the vaults.'

"Undoubtedly," replied Booker.

"I am all impatience to search for it," said Quatremain. 'Let us go there at once, and make trial of the mosaical rods.'

"With all my heart," replied Lilly. 'My lord,' he added to Rochester, 'I must pray you to excuse me. You have heard what claims my attention.'

"I have," returned the Earl, 'and should like to accompany you in the quest, if you will permit me.'

"You must address yourself to Mr. Quatremain," rejoined Lilly. 'If he consents, I can make no objection.'

"The minor canon, on being appealed to, signified his acquiescence, and after some slight preparation, Lilly produced two hazel rods, and the party set out.

"A few minutes' walking brought them to the northern entrance of the cathedral, where they speedily aroused the poor verger, who began to fancy he was to have no rest that night. On learning their purpose, however, he displayed the utmost alacrity, and by Quatremain's directions went in search of his brother verger, and a mason, who, being employed at the time in making repairs in the chantries, lodged within the cathedral.

"This occasioned a delay of a few minutes, during which Rochester and Etheridge had an opportunity, like that enjoyed a short time before by Leonard Holt, of beholding the magnificent effect of the columned aisles by moonlight. By this time, the other verger, who was a young and active man, and the mason, arrived, and mattocks, spades, and an iron bar, being procured, and a couple of torches lighted, they descended to Saint Faith's.

"Nothing more picturesque can be conceived than the effect of the torchlight on the massive pillars and low-browed roof of the subterranean church. Nor were the figures inappropriate to the scene. Lilly, with the mosaical rods in his hand, which

he held at a short distance from the floor, moving first to one point, then to another; now lingering within the gloomy nave, now within the gloomier aisles; the grave minor canon, who kept close beside him, and watched his movements with the most intense anxiety; Booker, with his venerable head uncovered, and his bald brow reflecting the gleam of the torches; the two court gallants in their rich attire; and the vergers and their comrade, armed with the implements for digging;—all constituted a striking picture. And as Rochester stepped aside to gaze at it, he thought he had never beheld a more singular scene.

"Hitherto, no success had attended the searchers. The mosaical rods continued motionless. At length, however, Lilly reached a part of the wall where a door appeared to have been stopped up, and playing the rods near it, they turned one over the other.

"The treasure is here!" he exclaimed. 'It is hidden beneath this flag.'

"Instantly, all were in action. Quatremain called to his assistants to bring their mattocks and the iron bar. Rochester ran up, and tendered his aid; Etheridge did the same; and in a few moments the flag was forced from its position.

"On examination, it seemed as if the ground beneath it had been recently disturbed, though it was carefully trodden down. But without stopping to investigate the matter, the mason and the younger verger commenced digging. When they were tired, Lilly and Quatremain took their places, and in less than an hour, they had got to a depth of upwards of four feet. Still nothing had been found, and Lilly was just about to relinquish his spade to the mason, when, plunging it more deeply into the ground, it struck against some hard substance.

"It is here—we have it!" he cried, renewing his exertions.

"Seconded by Quatremain, they soon cleared off the soil, and came to what appeared to be a coffin, or a large chest. Both then got out of the pit to consider how they should remove the chest; and the whole party were discussing the matter, when a tremendous crash, succeeded by a terrific yell, was heard at the other end of the church, and a ghastly and half-naked figure, looking like a corpse broken from the tomb, rushed forward with lightning swiftness, and shrieking—'My treasure!—my treasure!—you shall not have it!' thrust aside the group, and plunged into the excavation.

"When the bystanders recovered sufficient courage to drag the unfortunate sexton out of the pit, they found him quite dead."

(To be continued.)

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THE MYSTERY OF MESMERISM
EXPLAINED.

ANIMAL magnetism has for some years amused and bewildered the lovers of the marvellous. Ridiculed as a mere illusion or delusion, it has, nevertheless, perplexed the scientific; its effects are too palpable to be denied, but any rational solution of the cause or causes in which they have originated has hitherto eluded detection. The honour of unveiling this mystery was reserved for Mr. James Braid, an eminent surgeon in Manchester, who, having witnessed the recent experiments of Monsieur Lafontaine, in the Athenæum of that town, determined, if possible, to bring the system to the test of physiological and anatomical principles. This gentleman, having satisfied his own mind that he could produce the phenomena *without personal contact*, and even induce sleep, when in a different room from the person to be thrown into a state of somnolency, announced a public lecture on the subject, which he delivered at the Manchester Athenæum, before seven hundred persons.

Mr. Braid first placed on a table a common black wine-bottle, in the mouth of which was a cork having a plated top. The individual on whom the experiment was to be performed was seated on a chair, and directed to gaze intently at the cork without winking or averting the eyes. The cork was about two feet from the person operated upon, whose head was inclined backwards, forming with the object an angle of about forty-five degrees. In this position he remained for about five minutes, when profound sleep was produced.

The second experiment was completed in the same time. In the third case, a bandage was placed round the head, for the purpose of retaining, in an immovable position, a common bottle-cork, a little above the root of the nose, as the object to be gazed at, and, in about four minutes, a complete state of somnolency ensued. In this case was proved the inability of the patient to open the eyelids, although consciousness was in no respect suspended, as he was able to reply distinctly to any question. The fourth experiment failed, either through the noise that prevailed, or owing to the person not fixing his gaze continuously on the object. The fifth was successful, and although the party made a desperate effort to open his eyes, so much as to agitate his whole frame, they remained as though hermetically sealed; when Mr. Braid took from his pocket a wooden ruler, and drew the end of it gently over the upper eyelids of both eyes, when the spell was

broken, and the sense of sight restored with perfect ease. These experiments fully demonstrated that the phenomena were perfectly independent of animal magnetism, as in no one instance was there the least approach to personal contact or any manipulation.

Having thus convinced the audience that sleep could be produced without pressure of the thumbs or waving of the hands, as employed by Monsieur Lafontaine, Mr. Braid proceeded to explain the *rationale* of his discovery.

The artificial mode of producing sleep is to fatigue the rectus and levator muscle of the eye, which is effected by a continuously strained and intent gaze at an object viewed under an acute angle. Under such circumstances, the irritability of those muscles becomes exhausted, as well as the irritability of the optic nerve; giddiness ensues, a mist rises up before the eye, and sleep ensues. Congestion is induced in the eyes, and carried from them to the optic and muscular nerves of the eye, and owing to their proximity to the origin of the nerves of respiration and circulation, affect them through sympathy, and enfeeble the action of the heart and lungs. The heart, thus acting feebly, is unable to propel the blood with sufficient force to the extremities, and hence their coldness. The blood, consequently, is accumulated in the region of the heart, and it is thus stimulated; and in order to remove the inordinate load, it is compelled to increase the frequency of its contractions, in order to compensate for the feebleness of its efforts. The brain, head, and face, now become congested in consequence, and varied phenomena, resulting from irregularity in the circulation of that important organ, the brain, follow. The inability to raise the upper eyelid Mr. Braid accounts for on the principle of temporary paralysis of the levator muscles, owing to excessive and long-continued exertion at the commencement of the operation.

THE ARTS IN PARIS.

If the same spirit which now seems to pervade all classes of the population there, should continue to prevail, Paris will speedily become the most elegant city in the whole world. New *quartiers* are being built, old houses razed to the ground, fresh streets opened; her ancient glories protected and restored; the modern public monuments long in progress completed with magnificence, quite regardless of expense. No person who visits Paris with his eyes and ears open can fail to observe how much more general are a knowledge and love of art there than in England,—how much more interest all matters connected with it

appear to excite; how much more competent to judge in it the majority of persons are, and consequently how much reason there is that its professors should become numerous and eminent. The result of the free admission of the people to national monuments and works of fine art, and of the liberal encouragement afforded by the government to the arts of design, is becoming more evident every day, and is seen to be in most respects good. Depend upon it, if it were not for this, France, with her myriad population, fermenting, unemployed, would be in a much worse state than she now is. Love of the fine arts amongst the people generally is one of the anchors by which the stability of a state may be ensured. Hardly a house is now erected, even in the back streets of inferior localities, without highly enriched dressings for the doors and windows, balconies of which the soffits are sculptured, cornices richly decorated. The pediments over windows are filled with foliage; every moulding is enriched; and figures and heads (in most cases effectively, and, in many instances, beautifully sculptured) ornament the piers, or the spandrells of arches. Ironwork of elaborate design fills the lower part of the window openings, from the top of the building to the bottom; and this, being partially gilded, aids materially the general effect. — *Godwin's Architectural Note from Paris.*

The Gatherer.

Mistletoe.—Towards the end of December, mistletoe is in great request to decorate the rooms and give licence to romps and galantry. The singularity of the growth and form of the mistletoe brought it into repute amongst the Druids, for the purpose of mystical superstition, and its use has thence been continued through nineteen centuries, so difficult is it to eradicate anything of this sort from the minds of the people when once it is fairly rooted. It was long thought to be impossible to propagate this plant. In the maternal state, the seeds are said to be dropped by the mistle-thrush, which feeds on the berries; lately, however, it has been successfully propagated by causing the bruised berries, which are very viscid, to adhere to the bark of such fruit trees as have been most congenial to their growth. Upon the bark of these the seeds rapidly germinate and take root.

A Glass Coffin.—A man named James Fryer, one of the workmen employed at the new glass-house, Mexborough, near Doncaster, has manufactured a glass coffin, which he has bequeathed to his cousin, who holds a situation in Guy's Hospital, London, for his own body to be inclosed in when he dies,

so that his cousin will see if he rots any faster than if he was confined in lead. The coffin is made of clear glass, quarter of an inch thick, six feet two inches long, twenty-one inches across the bosom, and fifteen inches deep. He has ornamented it with blue glass death's head and cross bones on the sides, and his name is inscribed on the lid. — *Doncaster Gazette.*

The town of Sydney was for the first time lighted up with gas on the 25th of May last, it being the first city in Australia, or, in fact, in the Asiatic world, to which this important invention of modern times has been applied.

An Oxford Student joined, without invitation, a party dining at an inn. After dining, he boasted so much of his abilities, that one of the party said, "You have told us enough of what you can do, tell us something that you cannot do." "Faith," said he, "I cannot pay my share of the reckoning!"

Jersey Coinage.—The new Jersey coinage, now in circulation in the island, consists of penny and half-penny pieces, and is to the amount of 1000*l*. The obverse side of each bears a beautifully executed likeness of her Majesty, surrounded by the inscription of "Victoria D. G. Britanniar. Regina, F. D., 1841." The reverse consists of a shield bearing three leopards—*passant et gardant*—surrounded by the words "States of Jersey, 1-13 (or 1-26 of a Shilling)." The coins are very creditable specimens of art, and are, in that respect, much superior to those of Guernsey.

Calvin's Personal Appearance.—A letter preserved in the archaeological collections of Grenus, gives us a graphic picture of Calvin's personal appearance—"He resembles an old hermit of the Thebaid, emaciated by vigils and fasting, his cheeks as colourless as that of a corpse; but his brilliant eyes glow with an unearthly fire; his figure is slightly bowed; the bones seem bursting through his skin; but his step his ready, and is tread firm."

An Indian Execution.—While we remained here, the chief caused a wretched prisoner or two, whom his people had caught, to be blown from the mouths of cannons, a mode of death, perhaps, the quickest and least cruel of any—one of the unfortunates (the only one I saw executed) being blown to shivers in a second; his legs and head, both severed from the trunk, being the only portions we could recognise afterwards as having belonged to the human form. This wretch was tied, standing on the ground, with his back to the mouth of the cannon, and met his end with the same philosophy that most natives evince on those occasions. — *Captain Fane's Five Years in India.*